number of curious answers to the questions put to applicants for positions in the government service, but it is believed that the answer recently made by an applicant for a position as a draftsman in the engineer service is way beyond anything that was ever heard before by any of the examiners. This applicant said:

"From November, 1896, to May 30, 1900, I toured the United States on a tour of sociologic and economic observation, worked in nearly all the states and principal cities. Started out without any money, commanded salaries at following professions, trades and kinds of common labor:

"Surveyor, draftsman (topographical, architectural and engineering), writer for newspapers and magazines, bridge carpenter, house corpenter, boat builder, blacksmith's helper, boiler maker's helper, farm hand, cook, hunted geese and ducks for market, photographer, lumberman, lecturer, on railroad grades, dishwasher, shingler, teamster, cow boy and cattle shipper, solicitor, cleaned old bricks, railroad steel, gang work, wood chopper, worked in saw mills and factories, rafted logs, wrote advertising, etc., etc. Can command salary at more different kinds of labor than any living man. Immune from malaria fever, mountain fever, lazy fever or any other disease. Expert on matters relating to physical or mental development. At present writing a series of articles for a New York magazine. Not afraid of heat or cold from exposure. Not afraid of wild animals, microbes, men, political parties or work. Can swim any river in the United States. Expert with shot gun, can also shoot rifle. Can endure fatigue and exposure. Can handle gangs of men

"Realizing the fact that examining boards are apt to doubt some of the above assertions, I have on deposit in a savings bank of New York the sum of \$50 which I will forfeit to them if I can not substantiate every assertion made when put to-a

"An automatic coin-in-the-slot restaurant is how in operation in the metropolis," remarked a Washington man who has just ient point on Broadway. The restaurant is about 100 feet long and 25 feet wide.

Slot machines give out food in response to the coins that are fed them, with a line of railway, after percelating through precision, and dispatch impossible to human waiters. Sandwishes on round plates in a hot and flows into the tunnel at a tempera-Sandwishes on round plates, in a round table come from some mysterious region below. You place a coin in the slot, pull a handle, out comes the sandwich you want. Others are there in full view, but you cannot get at them until you feed a nickel in the slot for each sandwich. If you want a lobster 'a la Newburgh,' or a chick-en soup you feed the right machine with a com of more importance than a nickel. Ice cream soda, ice cream or all kinds of drinks, from beer to high balls, may be had by the unique method. Of course, as there are no waiters, the

giving of tips is an unknown quantity at this restaurant, which is the embodiment of

Excuses and explanations made in the courts in support of motions to delay proceedings cover a multitude of subjects. At times some of them appear absurd to the inexperienced, but persons who are familiar

"While attending court in Virginia a few days ago," a Star reporter was told, "I arose to respond, he facetiously remarked heard a plea for a postponement based on on his "new business" of giving libraries. the statement that one of the two attorneys in the case was suffering from an attack

a continuance of the case for any such pause and a pretended pose of weariness, reason when there were two lawyers in yet with a twinkle in his eye, he remarkcourt for the defendant. colleague had argued the motion, "I will be I life."

frank enough to state that if the court overrules the motion I will remain and assist my client as well as I can under the circumstances.

"I'm afraid you will have to remain in court then," was the court's decision.
"I am anxious that the case should be disposed of today," explained counsel.
"While it is true that I feel indisposed, I really made the motion out of consideration for the court and jury. My aliment is con-tagious and it might be that somebody in court will take the disease should I have to engage in a lengthy argument, facing the

court and jury."
"The court is not afraid," the judge informed counsel, "and I presume the jurors The jurges nodded their approval, and the case was tried.

The dropping of a line from a manuscript often creates much confusion, an example of which was shown during the past week, when President Roosevelt's first statement in relation to the closing of the post office at Indianola, Miss., was given out. In that statement he quoted a telegram he had received from citizens of Indianola. In the transmission of this statement to newspapers of the south and west a line was dropped from the copy-which caused the President to say what some citizens of Indianela had said. It made a good many men open their eyes very wide to see the President's sentiments as identical with those of some of the people in Indianola. Inquiry developed the fact that there had been a mistake in the transmission of the message, and explana-\* \* \* \*

"The latest use to which electricity is being put in this city is to light up obstructions in the streets," remarked a citizen who possesses a Sherlock Holmes proclivity for taking note of small things in detail. "I was passing by a big downtown hotel a few evenings ago when my attention was attracted to an incandescent electric lamp attached to a stick which was imbedded in a huge heap of ashes in the roadway near the sidewalk. Power for the lamp was supplied by an insulated wire which ran from the lamp through the grating of an opening in the sidewalk, and thence to the power plant below. It was the first time I had ever seen anything but the old reliable oil lantern used for lighting up obstructions in the streets of this city.

According to United States Consul Pearson, at Genoa, the Simplon tunnel, when completed, will be the largest in the world, to wit, fourteen miles long, or twice the length of the Mont Cenis and five miles longer than the St. Gotthard. The cost of the tunnel alone will be \$13,510,000, an average of nearly \$1,000,000 per mile. "The work," says the consul, "is pro-

gressing rapidly in the tunnel on both sides of the Alps; about 4,000 workmen are employed in the tunnel, and not less than 6,000 on the Italian section of the road between Iselia, at the mouth of the tunnel, and Arona, the present terminus of the railway running north from Milan. It is now practically certain that the road will be completed within the estimated time-that is to say, by July 1, 1905-as nearly two-thirds returned from a visit to New York city. of the tunnel was finished July 1, 1902, and "It is an ofnate, novel and inviting food the worst obstacles have already been met and drink dispensary located at a conven- and mastered. The greatest of the impediments was the ever-increasing heat in the water, which, although it starts at the sumrentering not only work but life impossible without resort to artificial means of refrigeration. The engineer by turning cold air on hot air and cold water on hot water has reduced the temperature in the tunnel from 140 degrees to 70 degrees F.

"The volume of water flowing out of the south end of the tunnel is over 15,000 gallons per minute, and furnishes motive frigerating apparatus, but to compress the air by which the drills are operated."

Mr. Carnegie's Strenuous Life.

President Roosevelt's quotation the other day at the dedication of the public library, that Mr. Carnegie's gift was equally far from two prime vices of the American people, "hardness of heart and softness of head," was a most pleasing remark to Mr. Carnegie, who sat at the President's right hand. When the genial little Scotchman "We have given over seven hundred within the last two years," he remarked, "and when we arrived in New York the other The commonwealth's attorney objected to day there were over four hundred applica-tions for others awaiting." Then, with a ed, "I tell you, this library business of "Your honor," said the sick man after his mine is getting me into rather a strenuous



to get very th Customer—"Yes."
Hairdresser—"Have you tried our tonic lotion?"
Customer—"Yes. That didn't do it, though."—Punch.

"The next time I get to feeling right gay and conversational, I'm going to stake myself to a nickel car ride, go 'way out into the country somewhere, walk from the car about 300 yards into the woods, and say it all to myself," remarked a P street householder, mournfully. "I never came so near eeling like that parrot that confessed that he talked too blamed much as I did the other evening.

"And here's why: "Last summer, when the time came around for me to dig up another \$2 for a dog tag for my fox terrier, I sort o' sidestepped on the proposition. I happened just to need the \$2 for something else at the time, and, as I had been buying \$2 worth of dog license for that mutt from the Dis-trict government for about eight years, I concluded that I had about done my share, considering how many dogs there are runing about Washington that never saw the color of a tag. Moreover, somebody had stolen the old tag from my dog's collar

only a few days before.
"So I decided to become a little crafty and dodge the \$2 dog-tax for the present "These dog-catchers,' said I to myself, 'never take a peek at the tags attached to the dogs' collars. If they see any o'd kind of a tag jingling from a dog's collar, they pass on, taking it for granted that that dog's tax is all paid and settled for. Conequently, what's the use of paying \$2 for

little piece of brass that's never looked it, when brass is so cheap?" "I've got a little tinkering work room up at my house, and so one Sunday I made a log tag. I didn't have any model, the old tag, as I say, having been swiped from the dog's coliar by some predatory youngs-ter, probably, but, after fooling around for awhile, I framed up a piece of brass and stamped it so that it looked a-plenty like

an honest-and-truly dog collar.

"Now, son, I remarked to the mutt
when I fastened the cutely-stamped piece of brass to his collar, 'all you've got to do is to sit or stand around looking innocent or chesty, as you please, when you see the dog catcher, coming your way, and you won't be bothered. The piece of brass'ill bluff him out all right. Don't sneak away or try to crawl under a porch or anything like that just because you yourself know that you've got a phony or bogus dog tag on, and the dog swiper'll never know the

"The dog wagged his tail as much as to say, 'I'm next, all right,' and the next afternoon when I was coming home from the office I saw him sitting placidly on the pavement curb watching a dog-catcher with a net just as if his dog tag was as good as any ever issued by the District government he spectacle tickled me almost foolish, I was so delighted with my own ingenuity. After that the dog-catcher's wagon came by the house time and again while my fox terrier was fooling around in front, but none of the camine kidnapers made any move toward grabbing the dog—the coun-

terfeit tag had 'em fooled proper.
"Well. one evening last week on my way home from the office in the open car—I was sitting in the last seat—I got to telling a friend who sat alongside me about the reat dog-tax-dodging game of mine. 'It's the simplest thing in life.' I told

him, 'and a man that's got the gumption to edge up a little piece of brass has got no more right to pay a \$2 dog tax than he has to pay a campaign assessment when he can dodge it,' and then I went ahead and ex-plained the thing to him at great length, chuckling gleefully the while and poking him in the ribs at intervals the better to force him to see how cute and cunnin' l had been. I noticed that a roughly dressed black man standing right behind us on the rear platform of the open car seemed to extract a heap of amusement from my recital. He just doubled himself up laughing over it, and he got off the car at P street where I debarked. He was still laughing wholesomely to himself as he walked down P street behind me, and I was glad that my little story of the way I had chiselled the dog department of the District government out of \$2 for dog tax tickled him so

lowing evening, a few moments after I nad got home from the office that same black man-and he was still chuckling, too, con-found him!-alighted suddenly from the ear step of the dog-catcher's wagon, threw his net skillfully over my fox terrier, with the phony tag, and gathered him in. And wasn't tickled a little bit, either, when a \$5 note, \$3 for charges and \$2 for tag, to get that dog of mine turned loose.
"I'm going to address all of my crafty conversation to myself in the future.

## CALLED UP MR. C. LYON. Only Made More Trouble for the Mar at the Zoo.

"Call C. Lyon, Maine 817-M." This was the memorandum that a clerk in one of the departments found on his desk the other afternoon. The note appeared innocent enough and there was nothing about it to indicate that it was any different from other telephone memoranda; but you can't always judge a thing by its looks.

The clerk had been absent from his desk for several minutes looking up a reference in another room, and when he returned the note had been mysteriously placed on his table. The mystery about it was that after the atmosphere had cleared no one knew how the note came there. The clerk immediately reached for the telephone and old central to give him Main 817-M. The obliging miss responded promptly and a conversation something like the following hen ensued:

"Is this Main 817-M?" "Yes, this is the Zoo."

"This is Mr. B-; I want to speak with Mr. C. Lyon." "Sea lion!" The clerk almost dropped the

receiver, for the two words sounded like a room full. "Say, what's the matter with you? I'd just like to express my opinion of the bunch of smart alecks around this town at close range. You think you're mighty smart, don't you?" "Wha-What's that? You must be on the wrong wire. This is Mr. B-, and I want

to speak with Mr. C. Lyon. There was a note left on my desk." "O, you're easy, you are. Another one of nose innocent ninnies. A note left on your desk asking you to call up the sea lion, eh? Well, we're not furnishing a telephone for the sea lions at this season of the year. I'm getting tired of this jolly business. Cut it out. Every five minutes for the last three hours this 'phone has been ringing for the gratification of a bunch of smart boys who want to talk with the sea lion. it's a mighty poor joke, and I'd like to tell you fellows what I think of you to your

"I didn't mean to folly you. But there was a note-b-r-r-r-r-" And the connection was cut. The expression on the face of the clerk during the conversation was made up of lightning changes. It was learned that the 'phone at the Zoo had been kept busy during nearly the whole afternoon by calls from various parts of town, all of the parties asking to speak to "Mr. C. Lyon." The feelings of the man at the animal head-quarters can be appreciated

quarters can be appreciated. Gen. Corbin's Dog.

Secretary Root has waived the strict rule against the admission of dogs in the War Department building in favor of Gen. Corbin's beautiful collie Clem. The dog has a noted pedigree. He is from the kennels of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and was presented to Gen. Corbin by Mr. Clement A. Griscom, the steamship magnate, after whom he is named. He is very much attached to the adjutant general and is miserable when out of his company. He got in the habit of accompanying him to the office every day, and for a long time was successful in passing the watchmen at the doors of the department. Finally Captain Baird, superintendent of the building, saw the dog in foliage that crowns this tree. The saplings that once gave them support have disappeared long years ago, their only record being the angles and curves of grape vine the dog's sake, but said the rules must be respected. Thereafter the dog accompanied his master only as far as the entrotted home by himself. Incidentally, Secretary Root peared of the matter a few days ago, and as he knew the dog and liked him he notified Captain Baird that the dog should be admitted to the building hereafter when he was with the adjurant general. Clem is a well-behaved dog, and when not following his master in his walks lies quietly at his feet or on a chair at his side.

Output

Trunks rise sinnously from the ground and the quarter acre of foliage that crowns this tree. The saplings that once gave them support have disappeared long years ago, their only record being the angles and curves of grape vine stem to which they lent their transient aid in climbing skyward.

Awaiting His Opportunity.

From Pu..

Awaiting His Opportunity.

From Pu..

Awaiting His Opportunity.

From Pu..

Mrs. Newlyriche—"John, we must really make some move to get into high socitey!

Now, how are we going to do it?"

Now, how are we and for a long time was successful in pass-

# HE TALKED TOO MUCH A WASHINGTON DUEL HAD HIS OWN WAY OUT ON

There was a characteristically modern
American duel fought on the Washington monument grounds on Tuesday last. It

was an affair of fista Now, in these days, when the cable col-umns of the newspapers are enlivened with so many accounts of farcical French rapier duels, and when the hopelessly highfalutin' historical novels of the hour furnish their interminable series of narratives of swash-bucklers' "affairs of honor," with the conceited shoulder-shruggings, the grimaces, the grandiloquent phrases, the sweeping mock courtesies, and so on, of principals and seconds, it may prove of interest to know just how this characteristically modern American duel on the Washington monument grounds came about and how it

was fought. On Tuesday evening, about 8 o'clock, a tall young Washingtonian, twenty-five years old or thereabouts, well known around town, was playing a game of billiards with a friend in an avenue billiard parlor. His name isn't Jack, so that Jack will do for the purpose of this parrative. purpose of this narrative.

Up to Jack came another tall young Washingtonian of about the same age. equally well known, accompanied by a friend. As this tall one's name is not Joe, Joe it will be here.
Joe walked up to within two feet of Jack

who stood with his billiard cue in his hand, watching the lay of the table.

"You're a knocker," said Joe to Jack in a matter-of-fact tone. "You have been knocking me "Yes," said Jack to Joe, "I have been knocking you. What are you going to do "I am going to try to knock your block off," replied Joe in the same even tone. "Here?" said Jack, biting the end off a

No, I don't want to stand for a pinch, "No, I don't want to stand for a panel, and I don't suppose you do, either," replied Joe. "But I want it to happen tonight."
"Well, I feel like handing you a few, too," said Jack, in a perfectly off-hand manner.
"Monument grounds suit you?"

"First rate," said Joe.
"All right," said Jack, putting up his cue

"All right," said Jack, putting up his cue,
"we'll go over there."

A number of mutual friends of the two
tall young men heard the talk between
them, but they paid attention to their cigars
and said nothing—it is not the American
way to "butt in" in such circumstances.
"Say, there, you Bill and Jim and Ed,
come on along with me to the Monument
lot," said Jack to three men known to him
sitting or standing about the billiard room.
"Sure," they all said, gathering around "Sure," they all said, gathering around

"Traipse over to the Monument groun with me, will you fellows?-you, Georand Sam and Fred," said Joe, address three others of the men grouped around the room.

"Sure thing," they replied together, and took their places at the side of the man who had picked them out to see that he got what was coming to him in the im-

Without any more conversation the eight men boarded an open 11th street car bound south, and they all got off when they reached the Monument grounds and walked quietly to a spot where they figured there would be no interruption by government watchmen. There they halted, and Jack and Joe removed their overcoats and under coats. There was just about enough light from the distant arc lights for the two men to make each other out with fair distinctions.

"Does Jim suit you for referee?" said Jack to Joe.
"Yes," replied Joe, "Jim and I have always been friends,"

ways been friends,"
Jim, the man chosen for referee, then took quiet command.
"Two minute rounds for you fellows," he said, "and all the time you want between rounds—that's fair enough for both. No gouging or elbow work, understand, and no hitting in the breakaway. The man that hits below the beit loses out. You fellows don't want to kill each other, either—I don't stand for that. When I call the fight off, you've got to quit, understand? Sam," addressing one of the outsiders, "you get your watch out and keep time. Ready? Time!"

It was a virtually even and a perfectly square fight, and it lasted eight rounds. Both men are athletes and good boxers, and they fought to hurt each other, and foul blows, no efforts on either side to take undue advantage. The friends of the two combatants watched the battle with keen interest, but without comment. All of them would have had something to say, however, had there been any underhand

The two men were pretty badly messed up at the wind-up of the eighth round.

"That'll do," said the referee, a small man, bringing his hand down decisively.

"Enough's enough. You fellows have got jobs to hang on to, and there's no need of your mauling each other up any more. It's a stand-off. If Jack's been knocking Joe, as he admits, then it's up to him now to declare-all knocking off."

"That's all right," said Jack, through a badly cut pair of lips. "If he's satisfied, I

am. I've knocked him, yes, but it's all off now, so far as I am concerned. 'Well, that suits me," said Joe. wanted was to stop the knocking. "Well, get your coats on and we'll ge away from here," said the referee.

The two principals didn't, at the termination of the fist duel, fall on each other's necks and weep, calling each other brothers. They didn't clasp hands and swear eternal fealty and affection toward other. American men are not publicly emotional, and they never "slop over" when perfectly sober, as these two were. They simply walked over to the car track, and, with their friends, took different cars, so as not to attract attention with their bruised countenances. They stopped at drug stores to obtain lotions and liniments and ointments for their hurts, and then they went home about their business. Very different all this from one of those spot-light, chilly dawn affairs with a pair of fancy-shirt-frilled young Free bowing and scraping to each other in danc-

ing-master fashion before scratching each other with blunted rapier points-but there was certainly a lot more of sense about it.

### Recognized a Genius. Mr. Andrew Carnegie takes some pride in

relating a story which shows that he was the original discoverer of the wealth-acquiring proclivities of Charles M. Schwab. The incident happened some years ago. Mr. Carnegie wanted to cross a mountain in Pennsylvania, and a youngster of rather hardy appearance offered to take him over for fifty cents. This Mr. Carnegie thought too much, and offered half the amount. An argument followed, and Mr. Carnegie became interested to see just how long the young man would stick to his price. He was finally compelled to pay the fifty cents, not because the ride was worth it, he re-marked, but because he could not get the marked, but because he could not get the reduction he had been insisting upon. "I predicted that the boy would some day make a fortune," declared Mr. Carnegie, "and he has. His name was Charles M. awerdal if out

Florida's Big Trees.

From Country Life in America. It is difficult even to guess at the age of the ancient sive oaks, but some of them must number centuries, and the oldest and greatest of them all is a monarch of the forest, with its outer branches sweeping the ground in a circle 120 feet across, with limbs as great as ordinary trunks of trees. and bearing a garden of aerial ferns and air plants upon their bark. This vener-able tree is supposed to be the largest live oak in Fiorida. Enormous grape vine

near carrying it through, no matter what part of the world he may be in," said a Californian who was in business in various parts of Mexico for many years. "I've just finished reading of the case of a young New York clubman who died in the province of Chihuahua recently while on a pleasure trip through old Mexico. His New NEW YORK CUSTOM York relatives, not being familiar with Mexican law, wired to the authorities of the town in which the young man died to embalm the body and ship it to New York. Then they found out about the Mexican law which requires that the bodies of all foreigners who die in Mexico shall lie in-terred in Mexican soil for two years before being removed to resting places in their own lands. The dead man's relatives pro-tested hard against this, but their protesta-tions were of no avail. There was no way of getting over the law. A few years ago Frank Ives, the famous billiardist, died in Mexico, whither he had gone in the hope of curing his lung trouble. His widow and relatives made a strenuous fight against of curing his lung trouble. His widow and relatives made a strenuous fight against the Mexican authorities' determination to hold the dead billiardist's body in Mexican ground for the prescribed length of time, even invoking, with powerful influence behind them, the aid of our State Department. But they lost out, and Ives' body remained buried in Mexican ground for the two years, when it was brought to this country. "All the same, I once saw that Mexican

law beat, and beat good. It was fifteen years ago, in Mazatlan, on the west coast of Mexico, where I was in the shipping business at the time. "An American schooner that was return-ing to San Francisco from a three years' trading cruise in the South seas dropped into the harbor of Mazatlan. The first mate, an adventurous chap named Jack Cooper, who had been sailing out of San Francisco since his boyhood, and was half owner of the schooner and partner in the owner of the schooner and partner in the trading enterprise, was dangerously sick with the coast fever, and the skipper, his partner, brought him into Mazatlan for medical attention. The skipper was George Brophy, a huge Californian, who was as much at home on the back of a broncho as on the quarterdeck of a ship, and a square and lovable man all through—I had known him well in San Francisco.

"The medical officer of Mazatlan port took a look at the first mate and told the skipper that Cooper was in a bad way, and that he should be taken to the Mazatlan hospital. So to the Mazatlan hospital, a 'dobe affair with very primitive accommo-

dobe affair with very primitive accommodations for patients used to civilized medical attention and nursing, Jack Cooper was cal attention and nursing, Jack Coopér was taken from the schooner on the evening of the vessel's arrival in the port. His partner, Skipper George Brophy, stayed ashore with him to nurse the mate in the hospital. But it was no use. The mate was too far gone and had been too long without medical treatment. He died on his second day in the hospital. A little while before he died he said to Brophy, in a lucid interval that presaged his early lucid interval that presaged his early

'George, I'm all in, and it's me to pipe "'George, I'm all in, and it's me to pipe out right yere in this greaser bunk d'rectly. But. I don't want to be put away down yere. I never had no kind o' use f'r greasers, and I wouldn't feel shipshape or prop'ly battened down layin' in Mexican ground. Now, they ain't no way f'r you to git my carcas up home f'r burial less'n the next up steamer from Panama'll take the box that I'm in up to old San Fran., which it probably won't. So I want you to bury me at sea, George. Just you take me out on the schooner on your way up home, and on the schooner on your way up home, and git old Jim the sailmaker to sew me up in git old Jim the salimaker to sew me up in one o' his handy hammocks and toss me over the side with a forty-pounder tied to me. I'll thank you t' do this, George, and it'll be a heap better than layin' aroun' yere in a burial plot filled up with half-breed dead ones—th' sea's good enough f'r thet'll be cheut all s'long mater'. me. That'll be about all-s'long, matey,' and then Jack turned over and passed out. "Cooper had forgotten about that two-year clause in the Mexican law, but Brophy hadn't, although he didn't say any-thing about it, not feeling like distressing his partner in his final moments. Brophy wrapped his mate's body up in a winding There was no bowing or smirking, no hands placed on bosoms, no flubdub of any sort whatever. The two men didn't even shake hands, as is the rather imbecile practice of the prize ring. They didn't feel like shaking hands, and so they the question. The skipper expostulated calmly but ineffectually with the alcalde. The latter said positively that the body of the mate would have to be interred in the strangers' burying ground—the equivalent down there of our potter's field—until the two years prescribed by the law had elegated.

"Captain Brophy went to see the American consul. The consul could, of course, do nothing, and told Brophy so.

"They're very finical and touchy about their laws down here,' he said to the skipper. You'd better let the body stay down here for the two years." here for the two years.' "'And side-step complyin' with the dyin' wish of my pal? Not any,' replied Brophy, and then he came to see me. I wanted to help him, but there was no way I could do it. I was in business in Mazatlan, and I'd have been chased into the sea by a mob

have been chased into the sea by a mobhad I interfered. The Panama steamer Colima, bound up for San Francisco, entered the port while we were talking, and Brophy boarded her and asked the captain if he would carry the dead mate's body up to San Francisco if he (Brophy) succeeded in getting the body on board the Colima. The Colima's captain, fearing trouble with the Mexican authorities, said no, and was upheld by the Mazatlan agent of the steamship line.
"'O. K.—then it's plumb up to me, sure

enough,' remarked Skipper Brophy, bringing his feet together with a click.
"At 6 o'clock that evening Skipper George Brophy dismounted from a big mule in front of the 'dobe hospital, hitched the mule to a tree, and went into the ward where the body of his friend lay. He carefully secured the body in the winding sheet. When he threw the body over his left shoulder the Mexican doctor and two nurses set up a howl. Brophy pulled a gun with his right hand and backed toward the door. "'Don't you hop toads come a-nigh me,' quietly said Brophy as he backed out. 'This yere's my friend that I'm a-carryin',

an' he's jes' as much my friend dead as he was alive.' "The gun awed the hospital doctor and the nurses, but they raced around to inform the alcalde, whose office was only half a square away. The alcalde and half a dozen of those bare-footed greaser policemen rushed over and surrounded Brophy

just as the latter, after placing the mate's body in front of the saddle, climbed on oard the mule.
"'Arrest him!' shouted the alcalde, jumping around, and the half-breed cops pulled their dinky little swords and made as if to

tackle Brophy. This time Brophy flashed two guns, and when he started to wave the cops stepped back with a whole "'I ain't a-huntin' f'r no mussiness', an-

counced the skinner in low, clear tones, but I ain't a-goin' t' stand f'r no kind of interference whatever, nohow, w'he I'm performin' a Christian jooty by a pal, this yere dead boy, what would do the same f'r me in circumstances sim'lar. I'm a law-abidin' and God-fearin' man wherever I be, deep water or dry land, but this yere's a onusual case, and the first ombrey what tries t' hobbie me is sure a-goin' t' be het up a hull lot. G'lang!' and he dug his heels into the mule's sides, at the same time turning around in his saddle so as to keep the alcalde and his bunch of funny cons covered with his pair of some They cops covered with his pair of guns. They didn't take a chance of letting fly a shot at him, for they always had a heap of respect for American gun marksmanship down that way. The news of Brophy's act had traveled meanwhile all over the place, and the four squares that he had to traverse to reach the water were lined with sulky-looking Mexicans, but not one of them had the nerve to make a move toward halting the determined-looking, gun-wav-ing giant who had the body of his friend balanced cross-wise in front of him on the mule. The schooner's cutter, every member of the crew armed, awaited Brophy when he reached the little landing. He dismounted, took the body on his shoulder, turned the mule loose, placed the body in the cutter, and made the schooner in no time. Brophy had already secured his sailing papers, and ten minutes after the body was brought on heard the schooner.

First Offenders Are Given Another Chance.

LOOKED AFTER BY A SPECIAL OFFICER.

This Official is a Man of Influence Among the Class He Has Charge Of.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, January 8, 1903. The probation officer is the newest funcionary of the New York police-and he is a

Each police magistrate has a probation officer. The probation officers are picked policemen-cops of diplomacy, fineness, persuasiveness and the sinew to back their arguments when the occasion arises. Their influence for good is enormous. One firstrate probation officer can be of more helpfulness to the magisterial district under his jurisdiction than fifty glowering, clubswinging policemen. The probation officer scheme has only been in operation for a few months, but it has already approved and justified itself away beyond all expectations.

"Probation officer" doesn't mean that the officer himself is on probation—far from that, for the men selected for these assignments are fellows with unimpeachable records and of sterling ability as policemen. The probation officer looks after the people, most of them first offenders, who, in-stead of being punished by the police magistrate before whom they appear, are turned loose on probation. Over here it is deemed a wise and humane thing to give persons hauled up for misdemeanors another chance when they find themselves in a police court for the first time. A workingman who has gone on a spree on a Sat-urday night, spent his wages and then gone home and smashed the furniture, is ar-rested, and the next day he finds himself in front of a police magistrate

How the Plan Works.

"What kind of a man is this, officer?" the magistrate inquires of the cop who has arrested the workingman. "He's all right, your honor," replies the

cop, "and works hard. But he's been getting soused up on Saturday nights lately, and last night he went home and chased hs wife and kids into the street." "You're on probation for six months, Mike," says the magistrate to the prisoner. 'You'll be under the constant observation

of a probation officer during that time, and you want to walk a chalk line. Mike, or to the island you'll go, sure. You've got to stop drinking altogether and behave. If you're brought here again for abusing or threatening your wife and children it'll go hard with you. Officer," addressing the probation officer attached to his court, "put this man's name on your list and keep an eve on him.' Whereupon Mike, the hard-working man,

who, nevertheless, has permitted himself to fall into the habit of going upon sprees, is turned loose, to be kept under the ob-servation of the probation officer. Under the system that prevailed before the inauguration of the probation system he would have been sent to the island for a month or so, his family would have lost his support altogether and he would have disgraced man, a mark for the jeers of unfeeling neighbors and an easier prey to drink than he had ever been before.

It has already been shown that four-fifths of the offenders who are put under the esplenage of the probation officers actually turn about from their vicious or reckless ways and make strong efforts to be de-They are not harried or bulldozed into this by the probation officers—these guardians of the people on probation are not tyrannical, but good-naturedly firm. Being of the plain people themselves, they know how to handle plain people. When it is considered that a magisterial district of New York embraces an area as large as a good-sized city, and, in several instances, comprises a population of several hundreds of thousands of persons, it will be under-stood that in order to do his work well a around at a pretty lively gait.

## An Afternoon With a Probationer. The probation officer spends his mornings

in the court to which he is attached, awaiting new cases that may be turned over to his care by the magistrate. His afternoons and evenings are put in in looking after the probationers within his jurisdiction. No better way of presenting a line on the labors of the probation officer can be fur-nished than an account of an afternoon which your correspondent spent with one of them recently. This probation officer is attached to one of the central magisterial districts, and his territory comprises large tenement sections as well as a considerable slice of the gaudy Tenderloin. He is a shrewd-eyed Irish-American of thirty-five or so, brawny, wholesome-looking and well groomed. He was himself born in the tough Cherry Hill district of New York, but six years' service in the United States cavalry on the frontier "polished him off all right," as he expressed it. He was in citizen's dress, the probation officers only wearing their police uniforms when they districts, and his territory comprises large wearing their police uniforms when they are in attendance at their courts.

The probation officer met members of his 'class' -he has an average number of 300 probationers on his book all the time—at almost every half block of this afternoon's tour, in addition to the numbers of probationers' homes he visited. He had not got square away from the court building bechap who had apparently been making some efforts to modify his obvious shabbiness by polishing his shoes, brushing his clothes and somewhat battered hat, and so on.
"Hello, Tim," said the probation office swinging up behind the young fellow.
"Nailed a job yet?"

"Nothin' doin' " replied the young fellow, in rather a disheartened way. "I can't seem

to land."
"Well, I know where there's a job," said

the probation officer. "Pat McGovern's doin' the truckin' for that street dig-up down Greenwich way, and he wants white men, not Ginneys. I was talkin' to Pat about you last night. Run down there and he'll put you on."

"Sure thing—much obliged," replied the probationer, his face lighting up. "Say, you're all right. I'll skin right down there," and he took up a business-like jog.
"'Member, now, Tim—none o' the old stuff when you get your dough Saturday," the probation officer called after him. "Not in a hundred years—I've had mine," the young fellow sung back, and away he went after the job that the probation officer had directed him to.

History of Young Tim. "Tim'll do all right from now on," com-

mented the probation officer. "He was goin' along snug enough and handin' his mother the bulk of his wages till a few months ago, when he got mixed up with a bunch o' these pool-playin' rummerinos, and they got him a-goin'. Lost his time-keeper's job with a street contractor a month or so ago, and a couple o' weeks ago, when he was bunned up, he pinched a bottle o' booze from a rum joint and made a run. First time he'd been nabbed, and so they turned him over to me. He's had enough now and'll be all right."

The next member of his "class" met up were on his probation book, and had a word or so with all of them. He was only compelled to threaten one of them, a man who was on probation for drunkenness, and whom he found standing in front of a saloon in a somewhat garrulous state. "It's home and the bunk for yours, Jim." he said sharply to this man. "You're gettin' sudsed up, I see, and about four more bails and you'll be standing for abother to you, and you want to look out."

The man uttered a string of apologies The next member of his "class" met up with by the probation officer was a neat-looking, plain woman, verging on thirty. Her clothing was quite respectable, and un-der her arm she carried a little bundle. She

der her arm she carried a little bundle. She looked what she proved to be, an office charwoman on her way to work.

"Howdy, Mrs. Keefe," said the probation officer, taking his hat off to her gallantly.

"All O. K. up home?"

"Fine, and such a good Christmas we had!" exchained the woman, delightedly.

thing. It was this way with Maggle: Her man was killed in a subway explosion a couple o' years age, and, as the explosion was proved to be his own fault, Maggle got nothin' out e' the contractors. She was left with a house full o' young 'uns-'bout six of 'em, and all under ten-and, o' course, she had to get a more on. Took in washin', but she was always grievin' about her man, and got to foolin' with the bottle on the quiet. She lost out that way, o' course, and she was brought up four months ago for neglectin' the kids. The judge passed her on to me, 'stead o' sendin' her to the island and havin' her kids taken away from her by the Gerry outfit, and I managed to snag out a charwoman's job for her down town. She hasn't gone against a drep of the stuff since, the kids are all dressed up and goin' to school, with two o' the boys sellin' papers and bringin' in what they make. She's goin' to be one o' the stayers, sure."

Just then a department store delivery automobile pulled up in front of a flat building, and a lad of eighteen or twenty hopped from the rear of it with an armful of bundles.

Tough Case Reformed.

"Hello, there, Butch," said the probation officer to the young man. "Horrible thing to have to work, ain't it-is it gettin' much on your nerves?" "Aw, stop y'r kiddin'," replied the youth

good-naturedly. "Got a raise yet, Butch?" asked the probation officer.

"Sure thing—yankin' down eight a week now," was the reply.

"Commencin' to dude up a whole lot.

hey?" said the probation officer, looking over the young fellow's neat delivery uni-"Aw, g'wan," said the youth, and went into the flat building. "That kid," said the probation officer, "was pretty near the toughest ever till bout six months ago. I've got to scratch him off my book, by the way, for he's made good and done his probation. He belonged to the 11th avenue gang, and his graft was swipin' lead and brass pipe out o' new and vacant houses. Say, I'd like to have a dollar for every ton o' lead pipe and brass fittin's that that kid has pinched. He never did a lick o' work, but blew in what he got on his swipin's to blow the gang off to mixed ale and play seven-up on the vacant lots up his way. He was corralled stealin' pipe half a year ago, and then he was turned over to me. I thrun a

scare into him, and you can see how he's makin' out. If he'd been sent to the island,

he'd have come out and begun dip work or started in as a porch climber or somethin Next the probation officer went up to the third floor of one of the new model flats a few squares south of Washington Square. A pretty little woman, two neat-tooking children and their old grandmother were in the comfortable and scrupulously clean third-floor flat. They all looked delighted when the probation officer appeared. He chucked the young ones, under the chin, had a quip with the beaming old grand-mother and then addressed the pretty little

mother of the children.
"Well, and how's Dinny making out?" he nquired of her.
"Well, if he was any better I couldn't stand it," she replied, humorously. "I'm afraid the poor man is not long for this world, he's so good."
There was a little more talk and then the

probation officer came away. The Case of "Dinny."

"Another all-right case," he explained when he reached the street. "I'm kind o' stuck on meself for gettin' them two people, Dinny and his wife, together, let alone riggin' out a home for the kids and the old lady. Dinny, who was drivin a dray then, got to hittin' up the booze good and plenty a few months ago, and never got home with more than \$2 of his wages. One night he went home with an edge on, and that pretty little woman, his wife, that you seen, let him have it good and hard. She was sore over the way he had been actin. as she had a right to be, with the kids almost starvin', and she ups and chucks everything she could lay her hands on at Dinny. He was sure a sight when she got Dinny. He was sure a sight when she got through with him. Then, on top o' that, she has Dinny pinched for failin' to provide for advised Dinny to go home and be good and turned him over to me. Dinny told the judge flatly that he'd rather do a lifer in Sing Sing or go to the chair, even, than to go back to his wife—ugly, you see, because she chucked the dishware at him, as she ad a right to do. Well, when Dinny makes that crack to the magistrate about refusin to go home and take care of his wife and kids, the judge gets swelled and mad himself and he gives Dinny six months on the island. When Dinny was led back 1 chased down and spun him a line o' talk-I went to the same parochial school with him when we were tads. Told him that ochavin' was a heap better than a six months' trick over the river, and that the little wo-man was willin' to begin all over again if he was-and, as a matter of fact, I was talkin' through me hat, for I didn't know whether she'd ever look at him again after the way he'd acted. Dinny sees it right, and then I go up to the judge and passes at along to him that Dinny's next to himself and is goin' to be good. The magistrate gives Dinny a year's probation with ma. and now he's got a job as motorman on the Broadway line, and you see how easy the

game's goin' with his outfit.' A few squares away, after stopping to have a word or so with a number of his the probation officer dropped into the base-The master of the basement flat, a burly grinning negro, was just washing up after his day's labor as driver of a coal cart. Something of a savory smell was frying in the pan for his supper, and his wife, her black face beaming, presided over

stove. "Well, how're they comin', Jack?" said the probation officer to the negro, who was grinning all over his face. "Ah, don't want 'em tuh come no live was the black man's reply "Shootin' much craps nowadays, Jack?" inquired the probation officer.
"Shootin' nothin'—Ah'm shootin' intuh

bed evuhy night w'en Ah gits through wif mah wuk," replied the black man, chuck-"Nothin' doin' in the gin line, hey?" said the probation officer.
"G'way, man-Ah ain't bothered 'bout no gin," was the grinning answer.
"An' that ain't no lie, eithuh," put in his
wife with a happy look. "Ah sho'ly don't

unduhstan' how come Jack tuh behave lak he's been a-doin'—Ah sho'ly don't." Used to Beat His Wife.

"Maybe that one wasn't a bad dinge." remarked the probation officer when he came away from the basement flat. "Say, that coon used never to think he was havin' any fun out o' life unless he was poundin' his wife. I'll bet she went around this neighborhood with her head wrapped up in bandages for three or four straight years. When he hadn't any other excuse to bang her around, he'd just pound her up for luck. But she wouldn't stand for having him pinched and never made any complaint against him. He got landed a few months ago, though, for trying to chuck her into a ago, though, for trying to chuck her into a coal hole down the street. That's all he needed—just one pinch and a threat of the island. He's been on the level ever since he was turned loose. Say, the first time I dropped in on them and saw his wife out the bandages around her head. I didn't

And thus the probation officer's tour went and thus the probation omeers tour went for the remainder of the afternoon, and until darkness fell. He visited nearly two dozen humble homes, and found things going well in all of them. On the streets he met scores of the persons whose names were on his probation book, and had a word

The man uttered a string of apologies and started home. It was plain that he had a wholesome respect for the power of the probation officer.

Thus the probation officer keeps his eye on the crowde of first offenders handed over

on the crowds of first oftenders handed over to his surveillance, and he has proven him-self to be a stronger influence for good than any other sort of police functionary on the rolls of the New York police department: C. L. C. "Thunder and guns!" exclaimed the old gentleman as he was given the bill for his only daughter's last gown, "but you cost a pile of money."
"Well, papa," she replied, demurely, "if

"All-right girl, Maggie Keefe," remarked the probation officer, resuming his way. "She's been on the right side for four months, and she's going to stick for a sure pense."—Chicago Post.